HE WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys' and Girls' Department

Write plainty on one side of the UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-paper only, and number the pages.

2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.

2. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over fore anyone thinks we need a spelling

POETRY. The Raggedy Man. James Whiteomb Riley.

O. the Raggedy Man! He works fer An' bos the goodest man ever you He comes to our house every day, An' waters the horses, an' feeds

An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobhi-ly calf;
An' nem-ef our hired girl says he He milks the cow for Lizabeth Ann.-

Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man? Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy

wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too, an' does most things 'at boys can't do the clumbed clean up in our big tree an' shooked a' apple down fer me—an' nother'n', too, fer 'Lizabeth Ann—An' nother'n', too, fer the Raggedy Man.—
Ain't be a' awful kind Raggedy there's a good listener!

Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man! An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most An' tells 'em, ef we be good, sometimes: ws 'bout Gients, an' Griffuns, and

An' the Squidgloum-Squees at swal-An' wite by the pump in our pasture He showed me a hole 'at the Wunks is

Turn into me, er Lizabuth Ann!
Er Ma, er Pa, er the Raggedy Man!
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy
Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time when he Was makin' a bow-an arry fer me, Saya, "When you're big like yer Pa is, Air you go'n to keep a fine store like

Er what air you go'n to be, goodness knows?"
An' nen he winked at Lizabeth Ann, An' I says. "In go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!—
I'm list go'n to be a nice Raggedy Man!"

My Laddie. Georgie Putnam Preston.

The dearest little friend has I,
Sae weel I lo'e him too—
And if he is na true to me
I dinna what I'll do.
He's a wee bit o' a doggie
With eyes sae gaft and brown,
I wadna gie my Laddie dear
Fee any doe in town For any dog in town.

I am fairly daft aboot him
And miss him when awa;
I dinna ken what I would gie
To shake that little paw.
He is a gaid and faithful "Lad," A friend when Ithers fall He tells me mony a story A waggin' o' his tail.

His ears are long and sliky,
His fur is saft and black;
I ken we'll hae a jolly time
At harne—when I gae back,
His little nose sae cold and moist He'll rub against my hand; Nae ither dog wad fill his place In a' this wide, wide land. When I gae oot and leave him hame

When I gae oot and leave him hame He watches all who pass. Oh Laddie is sae sad—until He sees me through the glass; Then gin he canna get outside He'il tear aboot the house And cry, "Woof-woof," then bide As quiet as a mouse.

Though mony days since tast I saw That bonnie little face— For "Auld Lang Syne" he'll nae forget At the Maples on the farm, I dinna think it wrong to pray, "God keep him frae all harm."

fore anyone thinks we need a spelling book; and before we have been to school long the teacher is trying to correct bad habits with a ferule, a very unpleasant way for a crooke boy or girl to be made straight, There is not half as much said to

us about habits when we are small as there should be. that is worth having-not a good habit that is not worth cultivating.

Let's look up the GOOD HABITS! The Habit of-Early out of bed! Being thankfull

Being kind! Being prompt! Doing Right! Speaking the truth! Saying Thank You for kindliness! Seeing good in our playmates! Sticking to every task till done! Lästening to Conscience and heedin

We have found twelve real good Wy, the Raggedy Man-he's ist so habits which are of the first import-He spilts the kindlin' an' chops the aleas all through life, because alone will make one loved and re

Being a good listener! Always speaking good words! Of never seeing faults in others!

Or never laughing at the unfortu-Of never making fun of poor chil-

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT. Harriet F. Park of Stonington-I

Harriet F. Park of Stonington—I thank you for the prize book you sent me, Red Rover. I think it very interesting.

Doris M. Bliven of Voluntown—I received the prize book you sent me, entitled A Dog of Flanders. I have read one story and found it very interesting. I thank you much for it.

Carl Philipp of Baltic—I received the prize book entitled The Boy Allies With Pershing in France. I have read it through and have found it very interesting.

Carleton Cripps of Baltic—I received the prize book Dec. 25, 1919, entitled The Boy Allies Under Two Flags. I have read it and find it very interesting. I thank you much for it.

Carleton Cripps of Baltic—I received the prize book Dec. 25, 1919, entitled The Boy Allies Under Two Flags. I have read it and find it very interesting. I thank you much for it.

The Sliding Party.

It was a lovely moonlight night in winter when seven girls and I went seldightful time winter when seven girls and I went seldightful time winter when seven girls and I went seldightful time winter when seven girls and I went seldightful time winter when seven girls and I went seldightful time winter when seven girls and I went seldightful time winter when seven girls and I went seldightful time winter when seven girls and I went seldightful time winter when seven girls and I went seldightful time winter was room for us to get on.

Where we were sliding there is a stone with a double runner. There was room for us to get on.

Where we were sliding there is a stone with a double runner. There was room for us to get on.

Where we were sliding there is a stone with a double runner in the ple.

ARCEMA DOYON, Age 10.

Glasgo.

Archida Doyon, Age 10.

Glasgo.

Once upon a time there lived a man who owned a monkey was Jack, and he was a very mischievous fellow. He always sot his master into the pic."

I hope that every Wide-Awake will time when seldightful time with a double runner. There was room for us to get on.

Where we were sliding there is a stone wall. We put our sleds on the wall. "I hope that every

Doris Wood of Mansfield Center-I thank you very much for the nice prize book you sent me entitled A

Sweet Girl Graduate. I have begun to read it and find it very interesting. Ruth Taylor of New London—I received the prize book today and have started to read it. It is very interesting and I delight in reading it. I thank you very much.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE. AWAKES. The Wrens' Nest.

A tiny mother wren darted in and out the branches of the spreading elim tree. We need not wonder what she was about, for it was spring. Dame Nature held a key to unlock the door of the sprouting germs of green and change this dear old earth to a lovely scene.

out the branches of the spreading elm tree. We need not wonder what she was about, for it was spring. Dame Nature held a key to unlock the door of the sprouting germs of green and change this dear old earth to a lovely scene.

Father Wren told Mother Wren as plain as could be a place he had chosen for their home this year. That he had decided not to build in the elm tree. "The spot I have chosen will suit ypu, never fear. Watch until make a wider cruck in this leather. Now isn't this better than a whole straw stack?"

I think I'll tell you, for you never could squees: it was in the back of the old buggy we drove to school. The wise little father knew the buggy was not used as a rule, so diligently they both set to work and noither of them tried to shirk. The excelsior padding made a fine foundation and all they needed to complete their work, was a little hair and store string.

Soon a nest of erars warmly smuggled 'neath mother's wings and all the world seemed fair and gay until the children climbed into the buggy one day when the children were at school, down to rest in the shade.

Mother bird fiew out and fluttered about, Pather Wren came, too, as soon as the heard them.

The children finally jumped up and investigated. They found the nest, but they wouldn't touch an egg.

The children finally jumped up and investigated. They found the nest, but they wouldn't touch an egg.

A neighbor borrowed the buggy one day when the children weer at school, and across the rough roads those poor little eggs went and loggle, loggle, joggle all day long.

When father heard how the home of the wrens he'd sent on a journey he said:

said:
"That buggy, if I had known, would not have been disturbed until

the babies were grown."
ALICE JOHNSON, Age 13.

what hinders in life.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS, I—Grace Sullivan of New London—Winsed Arrow's Medicine.

In the made by the people trying to the people trying to the made by the made by the made by the people trying to the made by the made by the made by the pe

couldn't see them and he shock like a leaf.

2—Alice Johnson of Norwich—The Life of Limcoln.

3—Angelina Desrosier of Plainfield—Betty, the Scribe.

4—Sarah Yoselevsky of Oakdale—Camp Fire Giris Bo Their Bit.

5—Elizabeth Risley of Norwich—Miss Pat in Buenos Ayres.

6—Florence Hall of Norwich—Down the Rope.

7—Gladys Cruthers of Norwich—Town—Giris Aiding the Red Cross.

8—Mildred Cotter of South Coventry—Florida Ladds.

The winners of prize books living in the city may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. Thursday.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The boys were all safe except Rob. Rhow whether he caught it or not. I think that he is a very mice little pet. GLADYS CRUTHERS, Age 11.

The boys were all safe except Rob. Rob was in the water, but nobody was brave and he water, but nobody was brave and he stomach and seized Rob by the collar and held him with a good grip.

When James and he shook like a breath, but fiew like the wind where the hole and held him with a good grip.

When James and he shook like a breath, but fiew like the wind where the hole and held him with a good grip.

When James and he shook like a breath, but fiew like the wind where the hole and held him with a good grip.

When James and held him with a good grip.

When James and held him with a good grip.

When James and held him with a good grip.

When James and held him with a good grip.

When James and held him with a good grip.

When James and held him with a good grip.

When James and held him with a good grip.

When James and held him with a good pull Rob was out of the hole.

Rob was very glad when he was out of the hole.

Rob was very glad when he was out of the hole.

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Rob was very glad when he was out of the hole.

Rob was very glad when he was out of the hole.

Rob was very glad when he was out of the hole.

Rob was very glad when he was out of the hole.

Taftville. The Sliding Party.

Marguerite said: "It's mine! Oh, thank you ever so much."
Then he walked home with us.
There was one girl among us who lived further than any of us, so was thought we would go home with her.
The lived on top of a hill.
Then when we came back we slid down the hill.
Then we gave each other a rid.

The Gold Bird.

The Gold Bird.

Men had sought it time after time, but were unsuccessful. Pinally a youth from Thinks country hearthy hay a youth from Thinks country hearthy had a long and the country hearthy had a long that the country had a long that the country hearthy had a long that the country had a long that the country hearthy had been a long that the country hearthy had been a long that the country hearthy had been a long that had been

est. He shouted and called, but no est. He shouted and called, but no one heard him.

Petro having determined to run away heard the cry, and at once set out to find where it came from. He found the young man and leading the way cut told his story as he went.

The man, filled with sympathy, brought him to America with him. Here he lived comfortably the remainder of his hife.

DOROTHY SULLIVAN, Age 16.

New London HER CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

A Man With His Money."

In a little old wornout shack lived an old man named Old Peter. Old Peter was as stingy as he was mean, and he got so bad the people called him Stingy Peter.

One day a kind old woman, Mrs. Fields, came to Stingy Peter's door, bringing with her two loaves of bread, and said: "Take these, my good man, and I hope they will do a good deal of help."

Stingy Peter grunted and without even thanking the woman closed the door, and when the woman went he said:

"Ah! I was going to buy some stale

"Ah! I was going to buy some stale bread; but I'm slad she brought them over, and why don't she do it every

so then mamma said: "Tell Armard he shall have the pets."

He has had them ever since then, and has fed them regularly.

Mamma said: "If you don't feed them rabbits this time, they'll go right into the nie."

We answered "Yes."

We all went for our sleds when one night when everything was guiet book Dec. 25, 1919 and girls someone said: "Girls, the Boy Allies Under Two ave read it and find it very I thank you very much, and of Mansfield Center—I wery much for the nice you sent me entitled A There was one girl among us who lived further than any of us, so we thought we would go home with her. The lived on top of a hill.

We all went for our sleds when one night when everything was quiet Jack got up and stole out of the house. He ran down the next block and rang the fire alarm. The firemen thought it was a fire and got the engine ready and started for the fire. The fire was thought to be across the street where Mrs. Green lived. Down stairs she had a candy store. Jack ran to Mrs. Green's store, broke out the whidow, got all the candy he wanted, then he went out. He lit some papers and went back into his house.

Then when we came back we slid.

Then when we came back we slid down the hill.

Then we gave each other a ride.

We had a delightful time, and I hope we have them this year as well.

ANGELINA DESROSIER, Age 15.

Plainfield.

About a week later Mrs. Green found out that Jack had done it. His master then had to pay for the damage, and Jack got such a beating he never did such a thing again.

JENNIE SHEINBACK, Age 11.

New London.

"My! That Luncheon Tasted Good."

Study Problems For Girls to Make Homecraft Solved My Vocabulary

BY CHARLOTTE G. KUR Francis W. Parker School

ha meaning accurately and completely. To acquire this power he must read authors of regulation, like Stevenson

must try to make a speech. He must be impatient of a slow, awkward,

ound-about sentence which owes its fullness to a meager vocabulary, and

graceful, fluent, and effective by thuse of well chosen words. Shake

speare's immense vocabulary contained

about fifteen thousand words. He

The Grange

BY R. S. ALEXANDER

"Let's go to Grange," said Hunt-

"It is a secret order of the farmers

state agricultural colleges or experi-ment stations to talk to them on farm subjects. Sometimes they talk over

general subjects not connected with

farming. So, you see, a part of the work of the Grange is educational." "Weren't you ordering some sugar from the Grange the other day?"

ter bargains.
"The Grange goes into politics now

'What's a secret order?"

work as well.

How would

I look beside

Shakespeare?

A Directory of Fun BY CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY I shut-in weather most of the Well, what difference does that make, when a cardboard box from the stationer's and a set of cards to fit in it such as are used for card cata-loguing will tell you how to have a good time, any time?

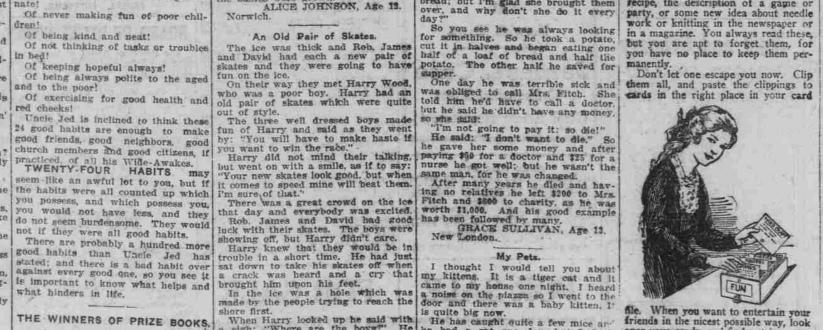
Preparing the Cards
Some of the cards in this file will
be taller than the other, and colored
blue and pink. Use these for your
fun titles. Using your best library
hand writing, letter them neatly, Recipes, Parties, Games, Stunts, Books,
Hand-Craft, and Favors. If there are cards of a contrasting color to these that hold the main fitles, letter them with sub fitles. Back of your Recipe card, have cards marked. Sandwiches, Salads, Cake, and Candy. Sub titles for the Party division of your file will be, Holidays, Afternoon, and Evening. The Hand Craft section of the box will be divided into Embroidery, Dressmaking, and Knitting.

Back of each colored card stand a few white cards on which you will few white cards on which you will

write or paste suggestions. The First Fun You can have your first party filling the fun directory. Ask your girl friends to spend an afternoon with you comparing notes as to recipes, hand work, and good times. Put all their suggestions and your own in their proper places in the card file. If a suggestion is too long to go on one card, use two, and fasten them together with a small paper clip. Be sure that the fun notes are arranged alphabetically, and are placed back of the proper colored card in the file.

Seward to an idea as you fit a glove to the hands. He must hear good lecturers and orators and study their power of expression. He must try to write. He gether with a small paper clip. Be sure that the fun notes are arranged

Almost every day you see a good recipe, the description of a game or party, or some new idea about needle work or knitting in the newspaper or in a magazine. You always read these, but you are apt to forget them, for you have no place to keep them permanently. Filling the Fun Box



gained this range by study and by love of words. He could express any idea with exactness and beauty. Between the ages of thirteen and eighteen a person should feel his vocabulary in-creasing, until his spoken and written file. When you want to entertain your friends in the nicest possible way, look over your cards, and find out in a molanguage becomes a tool that he can use as he will. ment how to do it.

Where Malile Failed BY MOLLIE PRICE COOK

Mable wanted an old-fashioned costume for a play. Grandmother had in her cedar wood chest an old lacing Eye's farmer friend.
"What's that?" asked the boy from nan, poke bonnet, bodice, and hoop ts of the early forties. Mable skirts of the early forties. Mable imagined herself in these lovely garthe North Woods. of this district." ments-the envy of every other girl in

Grandmother was short sighted and her hands trembled as she sewed a button on Mable's dress one morning. It angered Mable. She was in a hurry and told Grandmother to in a treat of the Masons, Odd Fellows or Western State of the Masons of the afternoon she burst into the living room with, "Grandmother, I must have one of your old dresses to wear they give other benefits. Any one can be chosen to belong to them. have one of your old dresses to wear at our play. Give me the key to your chest so that I can pick out what I want."

want."

Grandmother looked calmly out of the window with her thin lips shut tight. She said nothing nor did she move from her chair. It would have been easier to push a donkey up hill than to move that determined old Grandmother. Mable stamped her toot and told her mother what she thought of peevish old ladies. In came Marian, the girl next door,

bringing a small box of sugared dates she had made herself. "I'm giving you these," she said.
"because I haven't any grandmother of

my own."
Grandmother smiled and as she moved to pat Marian's hand, her glasses fell off, Marian picked them up and laughingly helped her put them on.

By and by, Grandmother asked, "Are you in that play at school?"
"Yes ma'am."

"Have you a costume?" "Not yet, I simply can't find any-"Humph," exclaimed the old lady "We'll see to that. Come along with

was opened revealing the frills and furbelows of bygone days. Marian was fitted out with the nicest things in the chest.



COUGHED UNTIL HE WAS WEAK AND THIN

Has Now Gained 44 Pounds, and Says He's Absolutely Well.

He's Absolutely Well.

"A year ago I was down with pneumonia, which test me with a deep-seated cough. My doctor said he couldn't do me any good, and I would have to go to Colorado. I went but I didn't improve, and at the lime I left the hospital I was a mere akcletom. I met a person who had used Mike Emulsion and he asked me to try it. I have now taken 21 bottless and have gained 41 pounds in weight and I am today in as good, sound health as I ever was in my life."—J. H. Johnson, 516 No. 32d St., Mattoon, Ill.

To give your body strength to resist disease try building it up with Milks Emulsion. A trial costs nothing.

Milks Emulsion is a pleasant, nutritive food and a corrective medicine. It restores healthy natural bowel action, doing away with all need of pills and physics. It promotes appetite and quickly puts the digestive organs in shape to assimilate food. As a builder of feeth and strength, Milks Emulsion is strongly recommended to those whom alckness has weakened, and is a powerful aid in resisting and repairing the effects of wasting diseases. Chronic stomach trouble and constipation are promptly reine ed—usually in one day. This is the only solid emulsion made and so palatable that it is eaten with a spoon like the cream. Truly wenderful for weak, sickly children.

No matter how severe your case, you are urged to try Milks Emulsion under this guarantee: Take six hottles home with you, use it according to directions, and if not satisfied with the results, your money will be promptly retunded. Price 60c and \$1.20 per better and the second of the seco We used to play a game which would begin: "How many ways can a man-go across the street?" In turn, we go across the street?" In turn, we would say: "He tottered across," "He staggered across," "He staggered across," "He rushed across," till so one was left who could supply a new yerb. Some of us remembered in later ears, that each of these verbs made a different picture, and that verbs of vivid meaning give one's writing force. When James was fourteen, he showed me a note book, in which he had made a list of various substitutes, for instance, 'he said, he muttered, he growled, he insisted, he exclaimed." James wanted to become a writer, and he observed that one difference between a magnetic property of the said of th tween a monotonous style and an effective one lay in variety of vocabulary. Margaret, also, had a book, in which she used to note every new word that she heart. Two or three ways of the word that she heart and the word that th years afterwards, she was writing verse of real beauty, especially char-acterized by her love for strangy, beautiful words.

But it is not only boys and girls who intend to make themselves writers who need to increase their vocabularies. I have heard that some ignorant people use only about three hundred words. Every one needs to be able to com-mand the language which will express

old woman, who did not hear the signal because she was deaf.

The old woman got hurt in the leg
where the automobile gave her just
a little hit. The auto stopped and
picked her up, the driver telling her
that he did not mean to do it, but the
window in front was not clean. He
brought her to the hospital, and he
had to pay for the doctor and nurse.

She soon got well and she always
looked back when she went out walking, to see of any teams or automobile was coming. offe was coming. SUSETTE MENTAZ. Taftville.

Where Tom Found His Manners. Tem's father was a rich man, and Tom lived in a large house in the country. He had a pony and many pets, and wore fine clothes. Tem was pets, and wore fine clothes. Tom was very proud of all these things his father's money had bought. He began to think that being rich was better than to be good. He grew very rude and was cross to the servants. Once he kicked Bowser, but the dog growled, and Tom was afraid to kick him again.

One day the servants of the servants of the him again.

again.

One day when Tom was plaving in the yard, he saw a boy standing by the gate. He was ragged and dirty, his hat was torn, and his feet were bare. But he had a pleasant face. In one hand he carried a pail half full of blueberries.

"Go avery from here" said Tofe.

"Go avery from here" said Tofe.

bare. But he had a piessant face. In one hand he carried a pail half full of hineberries.

"Go away from here." said Tofin running to the gate. "We are rich, and don't want ranged boys about."

"Please give me a drink" said the boy. "If you are rich, you can spare a drop of water."

"We can't spare you anything." said Tom. "If you den't go away from here I will set the degs on you."

The boy laughed and walked away, swinging the tin pail in his hand.

"I think I will get some blackberries, too," said Tom to himself. He went out of the gate into a lane leading to a meadow where there were plenty of berries.

Tom saw some fine ones growing just over a ditch. He thought he could leap over it very easily. He ditch was wider than he had thought, and instead of going over it, he came down in the middle of it.

The mud was very thick and soft, and Tom sank down in it to his waist. He was very much frightened, and screamed for help until he was tired. He began to think he would have to spend the night in the ditch when he heard steps on the grass. Looking up, he saw the ragged boy he had driven from the gate.

"Please help me out," said Tom. "I will give you a number."

Tam no more little. Said Tom. "I will give you a number."

"I am no more interested in the other side of an argument than I am Knights of Columbus. Well, the Grange is much like these, only different. These orders or lodges are "Please help me out," said

"Please help me out," said Tom. "I will give you a quarter."
"I don't want the money," said the boy, and lying down flat he held out both his hands to Tom, and drew him out of the ditch. He looked very miserable. "But the Grange is made up only of farmers and their wives or persons

out of the ditch. He looked very miserable.

"Who is dirty now?" asked the boy.

"I am," said Tom, "but I thank you for helping me out of the mire. And I am sorry I sent you away from the gate."

"The next time I come, perhaps you will treat me better. I am not rich, but I am stronger than you, and I think I have better manners."

"I think so, too," said Tom.

"The next day when Tom saw the boy going by the gate, he called him in, showed him his rabbits, and gave him a ride on his pony.

"You have good manners now," said the boy.

"Yes" said Tom," "I found them in the ditch.

"Tes" said Tom," "I found them in the ditch.

New, non-slipping shoe soles have been found in manuscripts hundreds of years old. During the reign of Peter the Great leather was circulated in Russia.

In Korea the marriage certificate is equally divided between husband and wife.

All aminus use their hind legs to move them along, the forelegs supplying the halance.

A resilient wheel for all kinds of wehicles, the invention of a retired Norwegian army officer, involves the use of sife! springs tangentially applied within an outer arm.

New, non-slipping seconds. who are working along agricultural lines. Nobody else can join. While the Grange aims to improve the social life of the farmer, it does other "The Grangers in their meetings talk over the problems of farming. Sometimes they have persons from

"No, I was ordering it through the Grange. The people in this Grange, as in many others, buy through the Grange. Sometimes we sell our products through it as well. Dealing this way in large quantities we are able to get better prices and to make bet-

"The Grange goes into politics now and then when some law is needed for the benefit of the farmers. It has never done this very much, but when it has done so it has brought about very good results."

By this time they arrived at the Grange hall. The grangers were very much pleased with the boy from the North Woods and insisted that he tell them something of the way farm-

POETRY

SUNDOWN. (When the wounded in a hospic come to die, says a brilliah officer, the last request in the great minest, cases, is for the prayer, "Now I have down to sleep.")

When my sun of life is low.
When the dewy shallows creep,
Eay for me before I go.
Now I lay me down to sleep."

Nothing mere to doubt or dare, Nothing more to give or keep; Say for me the children's army "Now I lay me down to sleep." Who has learned along the way— Primrose path or stony steep— More of wisdom than to say. "Now I lay me down to sleep."

What have you more wise to tell
When the shadows round me green? All is over, all is well

Now I lay me down to sleep.

—B. L. T., in Colongo Tribune.

HONOR. Honor's substance neither bends, ase breaks, nor wears,
And yet it is as fine as speder's web.
That sways with morning dew and glints with light.
In rainbow thuts and gleams of jewels rare.
So strong is honor's substance that the Bernel by the mightiest Colles of the Borne by the mightiest cables of the world
Would be light to its unfalling Would be light to its unfaller strength As crystal dew on petal of a ross.

Enduring as eternal truth and love Is honor's substance, and time's wear-ing wheel Turned fast or slow upon its surface bright Leaves neither groove, nor dint, nor line. that there Has been to its pure substance some of earth-thought added of its heaven-Iure gold

HUMOR OF THE DAY

"But how did you get her to beeve such an outrageous lie?"
"I told it to her in strict cenfidence."-Blighty. "Does your cook give you any im

"No. She charges me \$10 a week for it."-Detroit Free Press.

"Yes," said Tom," "I found them in the ditch.

But my friend Wide Awakes, you don't have to go into the ditch to find manners.

Remember the Golden Rule—always do you unto others as you would be done by.

FLORENCE HALL, Age 12.

Norwich.

SOUTH KILLINGLY

Payment

Payment

Payment

Payment

Aberta's dairy products for 1919

Raymond Barlow and Raymond Gates have returned from a visit with friends in Valley Fafis.

Walter Lefleur spent Saturday in Webster.

Mr. and Mrs. John Deshefy and child of Norwich are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Emil Deshefy.

A. A. Jacques has been entertaining his son, Merrill Jacques, of East Killingly.

Beatrice Coffey has earned ten stars at school for perfect spelling.

Byron Place and family of Foster were visitors at G. W. Barlow's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Barlow called on Danielson friends Sunday.

Mrs. R. C. Kies has been confined to the house several days with a severe cold.

Albertand days whit a severe cold.

Albertand Raymond shoes for her.

Albertand dairy products for 1819 will have a value of \$13.625,000, oc \$4,125,000 more than in 1918, according to estimates issued by the profunctal dairy commissioner. The production of butter in 1829 is estimated at \$10,100,000 points, valued at \$1,515,000.

This is an increase over 1918 of approximately 1,500,000 in value.

Suffield, There are sixteen cases of grip at the Suffield School and three of the students are in the school nurse and the school physician, Dr. William E. Caldwell.

Try Musterole. See How Quickly It Relieves You just rub Musterole in briskly, or

illy the pain is gone—a delication sthing comfort comes to Musterole is a clean, w ade with oll of mustard. astard plaster. Will me any doctors and nurses use M

Many docious and nurses use Musterole and recommend it to their patients.

They will gladly tell you what relief
it gives from sore throat, bronchits,
croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia,
congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbage, pains and aches of the back at
joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises,
chilbtains, frosted feet, colds at the
chest. Always dependable.

30 and 60c jars, acceptual size \$2.58.



